

Genuine Valley Cantaloupes

Grown From Fine Rockyford Seed

From now on we will have our own Valley Cantaloupes. These Cantaloupes are grown from the finest Rockyford seed, and are sweet and delicious. They range in price according to size—
3 for 25c—4 for 25c—5 for 25c

VALLEY WATERMELONS

We have the finest Watermelons ever seen in El Paso, fresh from the vine every morning and ice cold.

1 1-2 Cents Per Pound.

BURBANK PLUMS

These Plums are grown in the mountains of New Mexico, where fruit is famous for flavor and quality. One of the best Plums known for preserving and making Plumb Butter. They are large, meaty, with very small seed.

3 Pounds for 25c.

BARTLETT PEARS

The most delicious Pear for preserving, pound .5c
Mountain Park Cherries, pound .12c
Fine Peaches, all kinds at low prices.
Fresh Valley Corn, per dozen .25c
Mexican Limes, per dozen .20c
Mexican Aguacates, 4 for .25c

WATSON'S GROCERY

Phone 151. 210-212 Texas St. Auto 1151.

MUCH ACTIVITY IN THE MINES AT KELLY

Tri-Bullion Resumes Work on an Old Abandoned Shaft.

Kelly, N. M., July 29.—The Tri-Bullion company has resumed work on the shaft on the contact between the limestone and the eruptive. Work on this shaft was abandoned about one year ago and all mining men in the district are pleased to see it going ahead again.

The ore body on the outer contact of the Waldo is increasing in size as depth is gained. Shipments will begin from there this week.

Col. Eaton of Socorro, owner of the Lucila group, is in camp with a view to commencing work.

The underground shaft of the German company is down about 50 feet and good ore continues.

The American Zinc and Lead company is increasing its force on the tunnel.

A new hoist for deep sinking is being installed by the Tri-Bullion company.

It is reported that August Riviere has struck some high grade copper in his Mill Canyon claims.

F. K. Cook still continues shipments of both lead and zinc on the Kelly lease.

THE HERPICIDE GIRL KNOWS

While shopping the most annoying thing for me is to have someone try to sell me something "just as good" when I ask for Newbro's Herpicide. To be sure there are not many druggists who do this, but what few there are would know that such a policy will destroy the customer's confidence. When they try it on me I never wait for the story, simply hunt a store where they will sell me what I want.

It is absurd for anyone to say that a preparation is as good as Herpicide. I don't think they believe it themselves. Every druggist knows that there is but one genuine, original dandruff germ destroyer and that is Newbro's Herpicide.

It keeps the head free from dandruff, prevents the hair from coming out and stops itching of the scalp.

Herpicide is really a wonderful remedy which does just what you want and expect it to do.

One dollar size bottles are guaranteed. Sold by all druggists. Applications at good barber shops.

Send 10c in postage for a sample to The Herpicide Co., Dept. R., Detroit, Mich.

Kelly & Pollard, special agents.

MOGOLLON MINES ARE ALL PRODUCING

New Equipment Is Ordered For the Socorro Mines.

Mogollon, N. M., July 29.—The product of the Socorro mines for first half of July amounted to 15,000 tons of gold and silver bullion and five tons of high grade concentrates, from an ore treatment of approximately 1800 tons. In addition to the average product from all the mines, high grade ore is now being mined between the third and fourth levels. Order has been placed for three De La Verne high compression oil engines of a combined capacity of 540 horsepower, for October delivery. These will be installed at mine and mill, thus avoiding a three mile transmission loss over the line from Whitewater. The large wood reserve at the latter point will be used only in cases of emergency after the oil engines are placed in regular commission.

The Ernestine Mining company has also placed an order for three De La Verne oil engines, which will be delivered about the same time as those of the Socorro mines. On August 1 the preliminary work of grading, foundations, etc., for this equipment will be started and everything will be ready to receive the machinery on its arrival. The company continues paying dividends regularly, the third within four months having been recently disbursed.

At the Deadwood mines the mill is now exceeding all past records in tonnage treated, having practically doubled its output within the last three months. Improvements are being made almost constantly so that the present high mark may soon be surpassed.

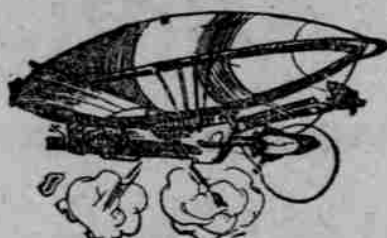
In the Gold Dust mines work is progressing steadily with three shifts in the lower tunnel and a good rate of advance is being made.

Good ore is being encountered in the drifts from the new shaft of the Maud Mining company.

A raise is being made in good ore from the east drift in Little Charlie of the Mogollon Gold and Copper company.

Mrs. Mary Freestone received word that her daughter, Jennie, was quite sick in Los Angeles, and left for the California city at once. Miss Ruth Prina accompanied her and will stay with her aunt, Mrs. Kate Jennings.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Ridgway, who left for Los Angeles for a vacation, took the three Perry children to their father there. The children have been here ever since their mother died, several months ago.



The SKY PIRATE

By Garrett P. Serviss

Illustrated by Parker.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Capt. Alfonso Payton, the sky pirate, kidnaps Helen Grayman, New York's richest girl, and carries her away in his airship, the Chameleon. He poses as commodore Brown.

She thinks her abduction is a practical joke. Payton takes her to his lodge in a Labrador wilderness. William Grayman, her father, secretly summons the police.

By wireless telephone Payton demands \$10,000,000 ransom from Grayman, who agrees to meet him at Tribes Hill with the money. Grayman plans to trap the pirate.

Helen and her maid are well cared for by Payton, but are closely guarded by Indian John. Helen suspects that they are prisoners.

One after another Payton captures four police airplanes sent to trap him and kills several policemen before Grayman reaches the scene.

Grayman and police commissioner Braman reach Tribes Hill. Payton kidnaps Grayman, who again promises to pay the ransom.

Payton takes Grayman home. Helen receives a forged letter from her father, which reassures her. She replies to her father's letter.

Grayman fears Helen will fall in love with Payton. Secretary Grantham offers government aid and assigns Lieut. Allan the task of locating Payton's lodge.

This Allan does by receiving wireless messages from Payton at New York and Buffalo with the aid of geometry and his new invention.

Allan, Grayman and Grantham start for Payton's lodge with five war airplanes. Helen, learning that she has been kidnapped, escapes, but is captured.

They tried to sleep, but, in addition to the cold, noises now arose that drove sleep from their tired eyes—strange sounds of the trackless wilderness, distant, wailing screams that gradually approached and filled them with terror, rustlings among the branches, the snapping of twigs in the dark, heavier sounds from the depths of the forest, animal voices replying to one another. Eyes were watching them, though they did not know it. They twined their arms closer and trembled, and at last sobbed together. The cold increased, although, after a time, the nearer noises ceased. At last, in spite of all the discomfort, they fell asleep.

Then a dark form moved stealthily and silently from a thicket and approached them. It knelt beside the troubled sleepers and listened. Finally it reached out long arms and cautiously spread a warm robe over them. The next instant it had disappeared.

The sun was shining on the treetops when they awoke, both opening their eyes at the same moment, disturbed probably by some noise. For a few seconds Miss Grayman did not realize where she was. Then it all came back to her in a flash. Without raising her head she said to Susan: "Thank heaven, the night is gone! We have escaped, and today!"

A scream from Susan interrupted her.

"Oh, Lord, look!" cried the girl, who had risen on her elbow.

Miss Grayman half rose in affright, and there, sitting on a log, stolidly staring at them, was Indian John.

Susan, after her fashion, fainted, but Miss Grayman was stronger. Although trembling with fear and surprise, she rose to her feet. Then for the first time she noticed the robe that had covered them. Her quick intelligence, awakened by recent events, told her the story in an instant. They had been tracked and recaptured.

For a minute the thought of resistance dwelt in Miss Grayman's mind. But how could she resist? She had no weapon, and the Indian was armed. They were both half famished and worn out. No; resistance was not to be thought of. The girl did not burst into tears. She was too dazed. She said nothing whatever, but, turning to Susan, tried to revive her. At this Indian John silently brought water and threw it into the girl's face. She revived immediately. Then he offered them food, which they took, even with eagerness.

He did not hurry them. He seemed

to have infinite patience. But at last he touched Miss Grayman on the arm and made her a sign that they must be going.

Now he spoke: "Must not stay where bad bears. Go back to lodge."

There was a gleam of grave humor in his eyes.

Miss Grayman made no reply, but, wearily and despairingly, she followed him, Susan clinging to her side. He scarcely glanced over his shoulder, although his wary eyes and ears knew their movements. He set a slow pace.

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of hills. I dropped down near the earth now, the danger of detection being less.

"It is fortunate," I said to Mr. Grayman and Secretary Grantham, who most of the time stood beside me on the deck, "that Payton did not select a hiding place somewhere in the western part of the Dominion, for then the lines to New York and Buffalo might have nearly coincided, and it would have been very difficult to calculate their point of intersection."

"You'd have managed it, my boy," said Mr. Grantham, putting his hand with a kindly pat on my shoulder. "You have too much at stake to lose this game. But I'm glad it proved easy for you."

Mr. Grantham meanwhile had fallen into a meditative mood. He was thinking about his daughter and her peril.

"The poor girl!" we heard him mutter. "The poor girl! Heaven protect her!"

"See here, Grayman," said the secretary, "this won't do. Don't go to worrying now when the thing is almost ended. The time for worry is gone. We've got the rascal located. We're going to drop upon him without the slightest warning, and we've got the force needed to overcome him. Your daughter's danger is past, and inside of ten hours at the most she will be in your arms."

Mr. Grayman tried to smile and to look cheerful, but his heart was heavy.

"We must begin to work out the details of our plan," said the secretary, turning to me. "Do you think that you could find him at night? If possible, it might be best to drop upon him in the darkness. We might catch him asleep if we knew the exact spot. Suppose you go over your calculations and see how near you can determine the exact number of miles that we must still run. Then we can regulate our speed accordingly."

I did as Mr. Grantham requested, and, after consulting the excellent charts that we carried, I announced that from Ottawa to the apparent intersection of the lines the distance was very close to 508 miles. We had passed Ottawa an hour before, going at a clip of 120 miles. Mr. Grantham took out his watch.

"Three o'clock," he said. "The days are long and longer the farther we go north. There is an all night twilight in central Labrador, but if we arrive at 10 o'clock it will probably be dark enough for our purpose. I don't believe his lights will be out earlier than that."

"That means a trifle less than fifty-nine miles an hour," I remarked.

"Yes; that, then, should be our speed."

Immediately I signaled the aëro astern to reduce their speed to accord with ours and ordered my engineer to drop to fifty-nine miles. Then we entered my cabin to complete our plan of operations and to pass away the time, which seemed very long viewed in prospect.

I had already ordered Ethan Haight to get his bow gun in shape for quick work, for in an emergency I counted more on him than on the other gunner. Besides, I had no thought of showing my heels. The small arms

as if commiserating their fatigue, but in an astonishingly short space of time they saw the gleam of the little lake and then the lodge. They had been traveling almost in a circle!

As they approached the lodge Miss Grayman's heart sank at the sight of the Chameleon. Payton had returned! How she dreaded the meeting with him! But he did not appear. Neither was Mrs. Williams visible. The Indian led them to the door and paused, and they entered alone. Even yet not a person appeared, and they ascended, unaccompanied, to their apartments. Miss Grayman threw herself on her bed, and her heart gave way. She wept and sobbed. Wild thoughts ran through her brain. She even thought of making away with herself. Yes, if help did not come soon she would do that!

CHAPTER XIII.

RUNNING THE PIRATE DOWN.

MISS GRAYMAN'S mad attempt at escape, unfortunate though it turned out, was probably, after all, the means of her salvation. It had the effect of keeping Payton at his lodge. But for the necessity which he felt of watching her personally he might not have succeeded in getting the two communications from the same point, and that the very point that we wished to hit upon.

Payton never spoke to Miss Grayman again while she remained at the lodge. Perhaps he was ashamed to face her. He well might have been. Perhaps he had some other reason. But, at any rate, from that moment she was kept a close prisoner, and all that Payton said to Mr. Grayman about her continued cheerfulness and about their trout fishing was a base falsehood, invented to prey upon the billionaire's mind.

And now to the story of our search and the startling events that came out of it.

After leaving the little town I ordered full speed ahead, and we trailed away in a long line in this order—the Eagle, the Skylark, the Osprey, the Crow and the Bobolink. It was a beautiful squadron, I can tell you, and how proud I felt to be in command of it! We were nearly a mile high, and in a short time we passed over Lake Ontario, where sunlit and wind wrinkled surface looked like frosted silver from that height. Away to the west we saw Toronto.

Afterward we passed Ottawa, but I kept a good offing, not caring to run the risk of being seen by spies. After that we soon had beneath us great forests, scattered clearings and ranges



THEIR BOW GUNS BEARING UPON THE LAIR OF CAPTAIN ALFONSO PAYTON.

were also in complete readiness, and every man carried twenty cartridges in his belt besides the ten in the magazine of his rifle. This applied to the other aëros as well.

If it came to a fight I didn't believe that Captain Alfonso would stand up to it very long. My chief fear was as to his running away. As I have already intimated, I had great confidence in the Eagle and knew her powers to a nicety, but I was willing to allow that the Chameleon might be able to draw away from her in a race. Consequently I didn't mean that there should be any race.

As to my course, I had set it with extreme care, and I was sure that it would take me very close to the intersection of my lines. But would it find Payton's hiding place? In my soul I believed it would.

I glanced frequently at the formidable line of aëros trailing after us, rising and falling with the atmospheric billows, while their polished guns glinted in the sunlight, and as I watched my heart alternately swelled with pride and sank under the weight of anxiety.

We dined about half after 7, and shortly afterward I signaled the squadron to assemble and gave each commander as he dropped alongside the

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sweeps and not moving faster than two miles an hour. In a little while I caught a gleam of light a short distance ahead. I dropped the aëro until she almost touched the branches and crept nearer.

We had come in sight of the little lake in front of Payton's lodge, and as we drew nearer we saw on the opposite shore the lodge itself, with lights streaming from the lower windows.

"It must be the place," I said. "It can be nothing else."

Immediately we backed off until we were out of sight of the lodge, and then I signaled the fleet to advance. I sent them about in such a manner as to surround the lodge on every side. When the maneuver was completed the five aëros floated within a hundred rods of the building, their noses all inward and their bow guns bearing upon the lair of Captain Alfonso Payton.

(To Be Continued.)

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